

# GIRL BARES AFTER YEARS

# HALL-MILLS PASSION OF SILENT SUFFERING

## My Own Story of My Mother's Love and Murder



Charlotte Mills

Singer's Daughter Writes Story of Mother's Romance



THERE ARE TWO TRAGEDY HOUSES in New Brunswick—the rich Hall home, where lived the Rev. Edward W. Hall, and the dilapidated little house in the center, which imprisoned the ambitious, romance-starved spirit of Mrs. Eleanor Mills (inset). Now, Charlotte Mills, daughter of the woman who was slain with Mr. Hall on the lonely Phillips farm four years ago, writes the throbbing story of her mother's search for happiness in love.



ONE night, four years ago, a romance-starved woman slipped quietly out of her drab little home in New Brunswick, N. J., to keep a secret rendezvous with the man she had learned to love not wisely but too well. That night the vengeance of her pitiful folly overtook her.

Two days later the whole country was startled to learn of the atrocious and mysterious crime which has become known as the Hall-Mills murder. Beneath a crabapple tree in a lonely spot lay the bodies of the Rev. Edward W. Hall and Mrs. Eleanor R. Mills.

When Mrs. Mills, in the feverish haste of love, hurried away from home that night, she left behind her little daughter, Charlotte. "Wait for me, kid," she said. She never came back.

Through the years, little Charlotte has borne the sorrowful stigma of her mother's clandestine love. She has been haunted by a thousand fears and doubts. Until now she has suffered bravely and silently. But no human heart can hold so much suffering. The flood-gates of her sorrow have burst. She tells her own story. She

pours forth the secrets of her soul. It is a story of human lives twisted by human passions.

The Hall-Mills murder has mystified the agencies of the law for four years. It is the greatest of all American murder mysteries.

Now, for the first time, the true background of the crime is revealed, by the daughter of the murdered woman. Against this background painted by a cruel fate move the strange figures of the principals in the Hall-Mills murder.

Could Charlotte Mills have prevented the murder of her mother? That is only one of the startling problems which this sorrowful girl writes about in this absorbing human document.

"Please, dear God, make mother happy and give her some joy in life," the small Charlotte used to pray.

What irony answered her prayer!

No one interested in life can afford to miss a single word of "My Story" by Charlotte Mills.

### BABY DAYS

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I am Charlotte Mills.

Sometimes I think just that name alone stands for about all the grief and misery a girl of 20 can know.

And yet, except when I am alone, I manage somehow to go along and do things, and talk to people, and even smile and enjoy little pleasures like going to a theater with my girl friend.

The hard hours come when I am in my room with the leaky in the house on Carman Street, the ugly little house where we lived so long—my mother and

anything from happening if I had waited, because she did come back to get her scarf—and went out again—and I never saw her again.

I am writing this with the feeling that, although I don't know how to express myself or really write as you might call it writing, perhaps I can set down some little things out of my life and my mother's life that will put her in a true light to people who didn't know her as I knew her.

From a baby I simply adored my mother. Almost the first thing I can remember at all must have been when I was ½ and my mother had me by the hand looking for rooms.

We moved in April (I was then 4 years old), just sixteen years ago. Mother told me many years later that even at that time she was discouraged, and felt tied down and hemmed in, and her marriage had been a terrible blunder.

The whole trouble was that my mother had an education and realized that people were put on this earth for better things; not just mere existence. She had a different kind of mentality than my father. She had ambition and ideals and dreams. She loved to work and to learn things. If she ever came across a word in reading or when anybody was talking that she didn't know the meaning of, she would never rest till she had dug it out.

How she used to work! She was always up at 7 or before, and by 8.30 she had the rooms all to rights and the ammonia water on the woodwork and every little tassel on the mats and drapes laid isn't attractive, and it isn't com-

even. She loved-housework.

Well, I was telling how my mother had me by the hand, looking for rooms. I remember we turned down Carman Street, and she saw a sign, and we went in the basement door at No. 49 to ask. There was a nice woman who lived downstairs with a family of grown-up children, and she showed us the rooms upstairs, and my mother said:—

"Well, I guess it's the best we can do. I'll try to make them nice." And I piped up and said I'd help her. They both laughed at me.

It wasn't a comfortable house, but mother made it comfortable and attractive, but now home-

fortable, because mother isn't there. Things have gone to pieces; things that mother loved. My father put in gas pipes himself. There isn't any plumbing in the house, only cold water, and no bathroom at all. It's just like the country. In winter we have coal stoves.

When the roof leaked, mother used to keep after the landlady until she fixed it, but now there seems to be no one to get things fixed and the roof leaks and the paper in our living room is all spotted.

Mother used to hate to have things out of order.

### Always Fixing Up

Even in the house we lived in before we came to Carman Street, when I was almost a baby, mother was always trying to fix things up. I don't see how I can remember as far back as that, but I distinct-

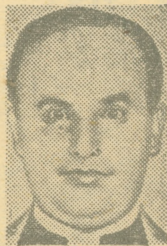
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### Charlotte's Testament

This is my story and I am glad to publish it. In it I tell the truth about my mother. I have spent a long time on this, and I hope everyone will know that the sincerest motives prompted me to write "My Story."

Charlotte Mills.

HERE'S A FACSIMILE of the writing of the young daughter of the slain Mrs. Eleanor Mills, in which she explains how she came to write her mother's story and the motives that prompted her to do it.



Mrs. Eleanor Mills Rev. E. W. Hall father, my brother Dan and I, and where I last saw my mother that night four years ago when she went out and said, "Wait for me, kid, till I come back."

### Cries Herself Sick

I cry till I am sick sometimes, wondering if I could have kept

## Sure Relief

HOME SIZE SAVES MONEY

**BELL'S**  
FOR  
**INDIGESTION**  
HEARTBURN, SOUR STOMACH,  
HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, GAS,  
DISTRESS FROM  
EATING OR DRINKING  
**ACUTE INDIGESTION**

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